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SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1851.

PRICE FOURPENCE.

CRUVELLI.

THE papers are unanimous in praise of Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli. We cannot find room for all their criticisms on *Fidelio* and the new representative of its heroine (who has, in one performance, placed herself side by side with Malibran); but we extract what relates exclusively to the latter, from the elaborate notices of the four principal journals, as a strong corroboration of our prophecy of last week, and of the opinion of our reporter in the present number. We could not decently take into our own hands the fulfilment of our own prediction, and have, therefore, left the task to a *collaborateur*, in whose judgment we have entire faith, and whose initials will at once be recognised. D. R. has written enthusiastically, but not too much so. Had he written coldly, after the performance of Tuesday night—had he not been deeply impressed with the genius of Mdle. Cruvelli—we should have been disappointed; but his report would, nevertheless, have appeared in our columns. If Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli is not destined to become one of the greatest dramatic singers whom the art has known we are altogether out in our reckoning, and shall cease to have any further confidence in our own powers of appreciation. But we have no fear of the result. True genius cannot be mistaken; it cannot be confounded with mediocrity; it finds the heart at once, and satisfies the intellect afterwards. That Mdle. Cruvelli is a genius we had not the smallest doubt after the first scene of *Fidelio*. She is an actress of the highest order, and, besides being an admirable and accomplished singer, is gifted with one of the most beautiful voices we have ever listened to. Though, if all our contemporaries had declared a contrary opinion, we should not have been shaken in our own, we are pleased to find them coinciding with us, and reprint their articles with the fuller satisfaction.

(From the Daily News.)

"Mademoiselle Cruvelli excited an enthusiasm exceeding anything we have witnessed since the *debut* of Jenny Lind.

"The heroine of last night was at this theatre (as our musical readers will remember) three years ago. Young as she then was—only 19—she showed powers of a high order, and made a very great impression on the public. But the Lind mania was at its height that season, and, after she appeared, no one had ears or eyes for any body else. Since that time she has been unremitting in the pursuit of her art, and has appeared with constantly increasing reputation at the principal theatres in Italy and Germany. She has now returned to us, at the age of two-and-twenty, in the full maturity of her gifts and attainments; and her appearance last night has set the seal upon her name, and stamped her an artist of the very highest class.

Mdle. Cruvelli never played or saw the part of *Leonora* per-

formed, we believe, and therefore was neither guided nor fettered by traditions. But she reminded us much of Madame Schröder Devrient, the greatest representative of the character, doubtless because she entered deeply into its spirit, and took truth, nature, and simplicity for her guide. She looked the handsome youth who captivates the jailor's daughter, better than any of her predecessors in the part, and her quiet air of melancholy resignation was very touching. In the most impassioned scenes her acting was powerful without exaggeration, and it was impossible to contemplate her transports of rapturous joy at the close without a strong sympathetic emotion. Of her singing it is impossible to speak too highly. Every quality of a great artist—voice, taste, execution, style, expression—are combined to charm and move her hearers. Her performance of the great *scena*, containing the beautiful invocation to Hope, threw the audience into a tumult of enthusiasm."

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

"We have a lively recollection of the crowds which used to besiege Drury-lane Theatre when Malibran appeared as *Fidelio*. The impression left by her performance was one of the few which are marked by the stamp of unmistakeable genius. We are greatly deceived, if, without the disadvantage of interference with the music, Mdle. Cruvelli will not be found to have left a similar impression, last night, upon the minds of those who witnessed her impassioned performance, and who, twenty years hence, may have to advert to it.

The "event" of the night was the appearance of Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli, who sustained the arduous character of *Leonora*. This young lady, who has for some years been pursuing her musical studies with an earnestness which it is impossible to praise too highly, has been accredited to us by the Parisian audiences with an unusual fervour of recommendation. She has created a *furor* in the French capital, and we believe that no ordinary attempts were made to detach her from Mr. Lumley's establishment, and to retain her where she had suddenly achieved so brilliant a success. But it is really matter of congratulation to the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre that all such endeavours failed, and that last night she made her appearance in the sombre garb of the prison servant. Tall, finely formed, and with most expressive features, Mdle. Cruvelli is admirably adapted for the lyrical stage. Her voice is of extensive compass, wonderfully fine, clear, and resonant, and perfectly under her control. It is a voice which can be relied upon to execute the conceptions of its owner, and, consequently, there is no hurry on that owner's part to exhibit its riches. She can afford to reserve her powers from full display until the proper moment for putting them forth, only indicating from time to time what a treasury is under her charge. And when the moment arrives for giving full scope to her powers, and when the tide of song bursts forth in all its richness of melody, what a display it is! We have rarely witnessed such a marvel of power as was manifested by Mdle. Cruvelli last night. The exigencies of the part require that the earlier scene shall be exceedingly quiet—undertoned so to speak—the action being that of watchfulness and secrecy. Mdle. Cruvelli kept herself under the most perfect restraint, and it was not until the lovely canon quartett, "Il cor, e la mia fe," that she allowed the expression of feeling to prevail. But as her passionate notes then gushed upon the ear, the audience almost involuntarily burst into a shout of approbation. In the *terzetto*, "Corragio, orsu,"

the sensation Mdle. Cruvelli made was extraordinary; but her triumph was in the recitative and air (in the first act) "A qual furor." Her terrible emphasis upon the words "di vendetta," at which she seemed to rush as if grappling with a hateful idea—her exquisite delivery of the concluding portion of the recitative, "Ah, già rinasce," will not be forgotten by those who had, or may have, the good fortune to hear them. The air itself she sang with a delicacy, an elevation, and a brilliancy which enchanted her hearers. The redemand, *malgré* the arduous task, was vociferous, and Mdle. Cruvelli repeated the last passage with unabated power.

In the second act, where she is conducted into the dungeon, and is set to dig a grave for the husband, who, squalid and weak from want and misery, lies near her, Mdle. Cruvelli's acting was of the finest description. She hovered about and around the unrecognising *Florestan*, intensely anxious, but as intensely self-restraining. But when the moment arrived for her dashing between him and the intended murderer, her performance was literally superb. Confronting *Pizarro* with a dauntless brow, and pouring forth with lightning-like vividness her reproach and defiance, the ruffianly noble appeared to succumb to her womanly energy, and the weapon seemed but a secondary terror for him. Nothing could be finer; and her subsequent ardent outpouring of affection for *Florestan*, her clinging to him in his dungeon, and his long gaze of love were all admirably conceived. Her superb execution of the *finale* was a vocal triumph which will be long remembered in Her Majesty's Theatre. We can felicitate the management upon having achieved at once the most legitimate and the most extraordinary success with the *débütante* of last night, and we regard the honours she has won in a very difficult and by no means a "showy" part, as an augury of a series of successes with which a fresh tone will be given to this unmanageable season.

(From The Morning Herald.)

"Mdle. Cruvelli, who comes to London under more auspicious circumstances than before, seeing that there is no Jenny Lind prejudice to compete with, was handsomely and warmly received. Her performance of the unhappy heroine evinced singular ability, which was the more apparent, seeing that there are few artists who are competent to undertake it, owing to physical deficiency on the one hand, and limited histrionic powers on the other. The extensive range of voice possessed by Mdle. Cruvelli is a great point in her favour; and she sang the music from first to last without let or hindrance, and at the same time with a feeling and *abandon* that disclosed the right sort of impulse—the right sort of interest in a work as remote from the common place which constitutes the staple of the modern Italian opera, as any two things can possibly be. But Cruvelli, when last here, was remarkable for her intelligence and strong dramatic passion, and it was again gratifying to find these qualities so well developed as they were last night. Her acting, throughout, was highly effective, and in the second act, where there is so much opportunity for the display of ability, and in which she had the remembrance of several illustrious predecessors to contend with, she created no little sensation. Her delivery of the words 'Io son sua sposa' was a signal for a round of applause, drawn forth by the impassioned earnestness of her manner, and the vivid colouring she imparted in this trying melo-dramatic collision. Her singing was at all times excellent, for it was vitalised by the best musicianship, a quality indispensable in music of this lofty and difficult class; and we therefore cannot but welcome an artist of such unquestionable accomplishment as an event of importance to the musical interests of the metropolis. She gave the aria, 'O tu la cui dolce possanza' (Komm Hoffnung) admirably; in fact, we never heard the delicious recitative given better or with more refined taste; while her sonorous contralto notes fell on the ear with round and voluptuous beauty. She was loudly encored, called for at the end of each act, and her success in one of the most arduous parts which either actress or singer dare grapple with, was affirmed by the universal verdict of the house."

(From the Morning Post.)

"After this came the magnificent scene of *Fidelio*, in which Mdle. Cruvelli fairly took the sympathies of the audience. It was, on the whole, one of the grandest displays of executive genius we ever witnessed. Tremendous energy, soul-stirring pathos, masterly discrimination, extraordinary physical power, and finished mechanism, all were united to make up this vast sum of excellence. The air itself is a perfect miracle of genius and learning, and, executed by Cruvelli, produced an effect we shall never forget. During the fine introductory bars which so truthfully illustrate the situation, she rushed wildly from her hiding-place, where she has overheard the duet betwixt *Pizarro* and *Rocco*, and raising her arms with the inspired *furor*, breathed execration upon the future assassin of her husband; horror and defiance quivering on her lips, and gleaming in her eyes, as she stood with her gaze transfixed to the door at which *Pizarro* had just entered. She presented a truly sublime and terrible picture of desperate courage, animated by lofty purpose, struggling to subdue the natural impulses of womanly fear.

An effect was realised which could not but have satisfied Beethoven himself. Mdle. Cruvelli's performance of this heavenly inspiration will be a "joy for ever" to all who were fortunate enough to hear it. Every note she sang was instinct with the spirit of the whole. In the responsive or imitative passages which frequently occur in this movement, she managed to catch the tone of the last instrument, blending her voice admirably with the various concerting parts, though never for an instant sacrificing the expression of the words. In her delivery of the beautiful figure divided between the voice, horns, and bassoons, on the words "*Amor mi guiderà*," she was especially successful.

The last movement, in which *Fidelio* expresses faith in Providence, and her determination to save her husband's life, afforded Mdle. Cruvelli a grand opportunity for the display of her lofty genius. It was a magnificent performance from first to last, and drew down thunders of applause, and an unmerciful *encore*. By this time the audience felt that one of the brightest ornaments of the modern stage was before them, and the *débütante's* triumphant success was already a *fait accompli*. Mdle. Cruvelli was called for twice, and the subsequent buzz of voices throughout the vast *salle* proved that an unusual sensation had been created amongst the subscribers. Mdle. Cruvelli's singing and acting in the great prison scene reached the loftiest degree of excellence.

(From the Times.)

Last night Beethoven's opera of *Fidelio* was produced, for the first time, at a London Italian Opera, and Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli made her first appearance since 1848, when she will be recollected as a singer of much promise. The double event proved a great attraction. Her Majesty and suite attended, and the house was filled by a brilliant and overflowing audience. Both the opera of Beethoven and Mademoiselle Cruvelli, the representative of the heroine, now a singer and actress of the highest attainments, were triumphantly successful.

Fidelio was a failure at Vienna in 1805, but it was never a failure in England—to the credit of our "musical" public be it recorded—and less than ever a failure last night. The chief part in the success must be awarded to Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli. Three years ago Mademoiselle Cruvelli, in certain operas of Donizetti and Verdi, made a highly favourable impression, and was considered a dramatic vocalist of unusual promise for her years (she was then scarcely twenty). But the "Lind fever," as it has been called, left no chance for any one else than the popular Jenny to be appreciated, and Mademoiselle Cruvelli suffered with the rest. The interval between then and the present time has been spent by the young artist in various parts of Germany and Italy, where she followed her professional career with a success always

increasing, until, last month, Mr. Lumley had the good fortune to secure her for the Italian Theatre in Paris, where she brought his season to a close with some performances of almost unexampled brilliancy. The French journals praised her to the skies; but, as the French journals are not invariably the safest authorities to rely upon in such matters, we confess we distrusted them, and believed no more than half of what they said about the genius and accomplishments of "La jeune et belle Cruvelli." For once, however, we did our contemporaries *d'outre manche* injustice; and we are too glad to pay them honourable amends, by giving in our adhesion to their verdict. Mademoiselle Cruvelli has made such good use of her time, that we doubt much if a "Lind fever," or any other fever, could now shut the eyes of the public to her merits as an actress and a singer. The mere fact of making her *début* in such a work as *Fidelio*—a work so opposed to all that bears the name of Italian opera—and in the part of Leonora, without comparison the most laborious, trying, and difficult in the entire range of the lyric drama, already entitles Mademoiselle Cruvelli to admiration for her courage, and praise for her good taste; but the fact that she did full justice to the character, in every respect, vocal and histrionic, and that since Malibran there has been no representative of Beethoven's "heroic wife" who can support the slightest comparison with her, is still more important, since it places her at once in the first rank of dramatic singers. It is said that Mademoiselle Cruvelli never played *Fidelio* before, and never saw the opera performed, an assertion which the exhibition of last night makes very difficult to believe. From her first entry on the scene she showed an entire appreciation of the dramatic exigencies of the part, and her earnest manner continually courted attention. We need not describe the personal appearance of Mademoiselle Cruvelli, which is known to be vastly in her favour, but it is not out of place to say that her voice, which already, in 1848, was powerful and of extensive compass, has now acquired the flexibility and equal tone which it then in a great degree wanted. Her higher notes are remarkably clear and brilliant; what may be the highest in her register we cannot pretend to say, but in the duet of the second act with Florestan we heard her take the D in *alt.* with the greatest ease, force, and truth of intonation. The latter quality, indeed, seems inherent in Mademoiselle Cruvelli, as was proved by her singing in the difficult *aria* in E, with the three horns and bassoon (exceedingly well played by the gentlemen in the orchestra), her intonation of which was as correct as her expression was beautiful, and her *sotte voce* singing perfect. The quick movement of this *aria* was unanimously encores, and at once placed Mademoiselle Cruvelli on the pedestal from which she never once descended throughout the evening. The charm of her voice is not lost even in the most impetuous declamation, as was amply shown in the quartet and duet of the second act; her middle tones are rich and mellow, and several fine points served to bring out, with striking effect, the strength and quality of her lower register. A voice so good throughout is rare indeed. We have only space to mention one or two great points in the acting of Mademoiselle Cruvelli, which we have already declared to be excellent throughout. The famous gravedigging scene was rendered much in the same way as by Malibran, 16 years ago—with the same exhibition of restless anxiety, faltering tones, and intense solicitude, the same earnestness and grace of gesture, and the same overpowering passion when the great moment of declaring herself and saving her husband arrives. When she exclaimed the famous passage, "Todte erst sein Weib!" (spoiled in the Italian version, "Io son sua sposa," which, while it fails to translate the meaning, necessitates the addition of another note for the superfluous syllable in the word "sposa," and robs the high B flat of half its effect), her stature seemed heightened, and the strength and dignity of a man to clothe her slender form. Her suddenly drawing out the pistol, and presenting it at the breast of Pizarro, was equally striking, and as she followed, with tottering steps, the cowardly assassin, her right arm stretched out to fire, if necessary, her left reposing on the shoulder of the husband she was protecting, the applause of the audience was enthusiastic, and the curtain fell upon one of the most deserved and genuine successes we remember for many years. Mademoiselle Cruvelli was recalled at the end of every

act, and twice after the second. The Italian stage has thus gained another great dramatic singer in the person of a foreigner (Mademoiselle Cruvelli is a German, and her real name is Crüwell),—and, if we be not mistaken, a genius. Time will show."

Our purpose is sufficiently served by the above, without further extracts. It was natural that we should wish to show our readers the general impression produced on the critics, and through their medium on the public, by an artist whose advent we announced in our last with such unmeasured confidence, and whose triumph we predicted. That the result has not disappointed our own expectations, while it has far exceeded the anticipations of others, is a matter upon which, without arrogance, we may take leave to congratulate ourselves.

THE PIANOFORTE CONTROVERSY.

The question is not yet settled. The great houses of Stodart and Collard have put in their claims to some consideration. We shall wait till the letter writing is exhausted, and then compare notes and offer a few observations of our own.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—After your kind insertion of my letter proving my father's right to priority in the metal bracing of pianofortes, it may seem ungracious to seek to trespass on your columns again; but the general tenor of Mr. Erard's reply so neutralizes the effect of his abandonment of the question of priority, that I cannot help begging permission to say that my father's patent provides for all, and more than all, the improvements contemplated by Mr. Erard's metal bracing; and that there is also no conceivable tension of string that it would not counteract. My father's bracing entirely removes the strain from the wood frame by being detached from it at one end. Mr. Erard's does so but partially, owing to its being attached to it at both ends.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

1, Golden Square,
May 14th.

MATT. STODDART,
For W. Stodart and Son.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As we find in your columns of to-day that the subject of the pianofortes at the Exhibition is again brought under notice, we, in common with others, feel it a duty to remonstrate against the manner in which the merits of English pianoforte-makers have been overlooked. We therefore beg the favour you have already accorded to two other firms, namely, the permission to say a few words as to our own share in the improvement of this instrument. Had the reviewer in a morning paper given a more comprehensive view of the present state of the art in England, and noticed less exclusively the various improvements made in it from time to time, we should have had no right to complain of any preference he might have expressed in favour of any particular firm; but what we do complain of is, the almost entire omission of the improvements of the English makers; and, as regards ourselves in particular, we think it an extremely hard return for upwards of 50 years' indefatigable exertions in the cause, that we should only be mentioned in connexion with one of the most insignificant parts of the manufacture, that of external decoration.

We beg to enumerate the following as a few of the improvements which have originated with our house:

1. The present method of stringing, by which the old defective system of the loop or eye was entirely superseded. This was patented by us in 1827, and is now (the patent having expired) almost universally adopted, and its importance acknowledged, wherever the manufacture of pianofortes is carried on.
2. We are the originators of the grand square pianoforte, a

form of instrument which has done as much to advance the reputation of the English manufacture as any of the improvements of modern times. Antecedent to this change the square pianoforte was almost useless, except for the purposes of the school room; but it has ever since become a valuable and important instrument, where space is an object, it has been invariably accepted as the best substitute for the grand.

3. The first application of the repeating action to the vertical or upright form of pianoforte (erroneously claimed by your reviewer for Messrs. Erard) is due to us; and we have good reason to believe that the attention we have devoted to this class of instrument, particularly in its smaller varieties, has contributed essentially to procure for the vertical pianoforte the high place it at present holds in public estimation.

4. We originated and patented an action for the grand pianoforte, the peculiarities of which it is unnecessary here to detail, beyond remarking that, for extreme simplicity of mechanism, for unerring certainty of touch, for quality of tone, and for general durability, these instruments are placed by the public favour, as well as by professional opinion—the usual tests of excellence,—in so high a rank as to render it unseemly in us further to allude to the subject.

These are some of our contributions to English pianoforte making, which are surely of sufficient importance to deserve special notice; not to mention many other modifications in form, framing, mechanism, touch, &c., for which our house is well known. We claim, however, with peculiar emphasis, the credit of such a constant and unremitting attention to, and gradual improvement in, the details of the manufacture, as has enabled us to insure the production of instruments second in quality, and, we believe, in reputation, to none that can be brought forward either in this country or elsewhere.

Permit us to observe, in allusion to your remark, that certain pianists of great reputation prefer Messrs. Erard's instruments, that others of equally high renown use and approve those of other makers, ours not excepted; but we are free to confess that it is, and ever has been, our aim to produce an instrument fitted rather for the requirements of chamber music, and for the refinements of the drawing-room, than for public purposes.

We remain, Sir, your obedient servants,

Cheapside, May 14.

COLLARD & COLLARD.

Meanwhile, Messrs. Kirkman and Son obstinately guard silence.

Since writing the above another letter has reached us, which, as the question is one of such general interest, we insert, without pretending to fathom its meaning. The line of our intelligence, indeed, is not long enough to reach the bottom of it.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—The question whether the late Sebastian Erard did, or did not, originate all improvements in the Grand Pianoforte, has been so completely set at rest by the assertions and reassertions of the *Times*, that I will not again enter upon it; but permit me to call your attention to the fact, that of one invention at all events, Mr. Pierre Erard is unquestionably the author. I allude, sir, to the "METALLIC CONCERT NAME PLATE." The maker's name, hitherto known to the performer only (concealed as it was under the cylinder), or at most, suspected by a discriminating public, is by this contrivance made manifest to every individual present, at any concert where Erard's instruments are played, so much so, that he who runs may read.

Now, sir, I do think that the credit of an invention so admirably calculated to further the progress of music should be awarded unhesitatingly where it is so justly due. In fairness to the eminent firm above named, I trust Mr. Editor, that you will give publicity to this communication, the accuracy of which is vouched for by your constant reader, himself

London, May 17th, 1851.

A PIANOFORTE MAKER.

In addition to the above we have this moment received a letter on the subject of the pianoforte controversy from a well-known English composer, which we shall insert next week.

CARLOTTA GRISI AND LODER.

It is not the marriage of the greatest of dancers and one of the most charming of composers that we are going to record. We merely intend to ask a question. A marriage was expected—a marriage between Loder's music and Carlotta's feet; M. St. Georges was to be the priest, and the *libretto* of a new *ballet* from his pen the service. We know something of Carlotta's feet, since we see them twinkle every night at Her Majesty's Theatre, like dancing stars that get in your eyes in dreams, and will not quit for any straining. But we know nothing of M. St. Georges' *ballet*, nor of Loder's music, of which not long ago all the *habitués* of the Opera, and all the lovers of music and beautiful dancing, were eternally talking, full of expectations. What has become of either we cannot say. But we can say, and we must say,—if Mr. Lumley has abandoned the idea of a new *ballet* by St. Georges, and Loder, and Carlotta, he has thrown away a chance of raising the *ballet*, which he has already elevated so high, higher than it was ever raised before. A *ballet*, with music by Loder! The very sound makes the mouth water. Carlotta moving and dancing, and looking all that is most divine, to Loder's melody, and Loder's harmony, and Loder's orchestration! The very thought of it has haunted us, and haunts, and will haunt us. The vision shall be realised.

BEETHOVEN AND FIDELIO.

As the single opera of Beethoven, the greatest composer for the orchestra whom the art has known, and as the dramatic work which approaches next to the *Don Juan* of Mozart, surpassing it in unity of purpose, if inferior in prodigality of invention, *Fidelio* must ever be regarded with interest. The history of this opera, and the vexations it caused the composer are well known. An anecdote exists in reference to its origin which is thoroughly characteristic of Beethoven. The *libretto* was originally in French, and Paer, a composer of much popularity in his time, set it to music. Beethoven heard it performed in Germany, and was delighted beyond measure with the story. Meeting Paer after the performance, he is stated to have said,—“My dear Paer, I am enchanted with your opera, it is most interesting; I must write music for it!” Whether this anecdote be true or not, the *libretto* of Paer's *Leonore* is the *libretto* of Beethoven's *Fidelio*; and, while the music of the one is already forgotten, that of the other is accepted by the world as an imperishable masterpiece. *Fidelio* was composed between the years 1804 and 1805, and first brought out under the name of *Leonore*, at the Theatre An der Wien, at Vienna, in the autumn of 1805. The *libretto*, in three acts, was translated into German by Joseph Sonnleithner. The French had just entered Vienna, and the audience was chiefly composed of the military. Such music as that of *Fidelio* was not likely to be over warmly appreciated even by an audience of French

civilians; it was therefore not surprising that the soldiers found it dull, understood nothing about it, and that it was, in consequence, a failure. The part of Leonora was composed for, and first played by a famous singer named Madame Milder, and Herr Roeckl, a tenor and a friend of Beethoven's, was Florestan. Of the other actors no record is at hand, except of Marconi, a *contralto*; but what she had to do with the cast is not known. The apathy with which *Fidelio* was received was not entirely attributable to the French military. Beethoven had many enemies, and had offended the singers because he refused to alter any of the vocal parts, with which they found fault on account of their difficulty; and on the other hand, dissatisfied with the *libretto*, he withdrew the opera in a pet, after the third representation. His shallow biographer, Herr Schindler, complains that he gave "full scope to his genius," and did not pay sufficient attention to the advice he had received from Salieri in constructing his vocal parts. The idea of Beethoven deriving advantage from the counsels of Salieri—composer of *Tarare*, and the jealous enemy of (Mozart two distinctions equally honourable)—is rather amusing; nevertheless, posterity, we think, has reason to rejoice that Beethoven gave "full scope to his genius," and paid no more regard to Salieri than some years later, if report err not, to Herr Schindler himself. Nevertheless, when peace was restored, Breuning a real friend of Beethoven, compressed and materially altered the *libretto*, and *Leonora* was reproduced under the altered title of *Fidelio* (Beethoven's own suggestion—perhaps with a view to avoid being confounded with Paer), and again played for three nights, with much greater success than before. But the enemies of the great musician were still busy and malevolent, and by their intrigues persuaded the manager to restore the original title of *Leonora*, in place of Beethoven's own name of *Fidelio*, and ultimately to withdraw the opera altogether. This ill treatment, combined with the straitened circumstances, which he had counted upon *Fidelio* for ameliorating, so offended and afflicted the composer, that no possible temptation could ever induce him to write a second opera, or to behave with common civility to singers and managers afterwards,—which was forcibly illustrated many years later when the mass in D minor, and his ninth symphony, with chorus, in the same key, were produced at a concert, in which the celebrated Madame Sontag assisted. Times have now changed, however; the illustrious musician has departed this life nearly a quarter of a century (he died on the 26th of March, 1827, in his 57th year), and his works have long since been the delight of his countrymen, no less than of other nations. His only opera, under his chosen and darling title of *Fidelio*, which no one would now be so sacrilegious as to impugn, is one of the stock pieces of the stage; it has been performed everywhere and everywhere received with enthusiasm, and will continue to be performed as long as the art of music exists.

Fidelio has frequently been played in England, in the form and under the title of which Beethoven approved. He has revised it considerably, and compressed it into two acts. He wrote no less than four overtures, finding it difficult to satisfy himself and those with whom he had to deal. Three of these were performed by the Philharmonic Society of London, in 1815, but with such small success, that the music of Beethoven was regarded as a dead weight in the market—since which, it is scarcely necessary to add, that society has mainly existed through the attraction of his nine symphonies. The

correspondence between the great genius and his professed friends and agents in England says very little for the enthusiasm of the latter, and still less for their discrimination. To have been to Vienna and visited Beethoven, in his house, as one goes to see some strange animal, was a fine thing to talk about; but to spend some time and pains, and perhaps some money, for the purpose of making Beethoven's works known at home, was quite another matter. Such pretended worshippers of genius are too numerous in England, as elsewhere; touch their pockets, entrench upon their time, when the object of their fondly imagined idolatry is absent, and enthusiasm vanishes into smoke. It was not merely from great men, like Goethe and Cherubini, that Beethoven encountered indifference and coldness, but from others, whose only claim to consideration was their personal acquaintance with himself, and who will now be handed down to posterity, in company with Schindler and Ries, as men who knew, but did not understand him. The care with which Beethoven revised his works showed the difficulty with which his taste and judgment were satisfied. The first and last editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, and other plays of Shakspeare, if collated, would scarcely present so many changes, interpolations, and omissions, as the first and last versions of *Fidelio*. In England the two act opera alone has been performed. It was originally produced at Her Majesty's Theatre 1832, by the German company, Schroder Devrient as *prima donna*, with brilliant success (a lucky augury, one might say, for last night); three years afterwards, at Covent Garden Theatre, with Malibran as the heroine (1835—the year before the death of that distinguished artist); again, with a second German company, at the St. James's, *Fidelio* by Madame Fischer Schwarzbeck; and in 1841, 1842, and 1849, with other German troupes, the miserable *fiasco* of the last attempt being only compensated by the introduction of Herr Formies to the English public. The story of the *libretto* is so well known that it is scarcely requisite to allude to it; but a brief sketch may help us in our endeavour to explain the intentions of the composer.

The scene of the entire opera is a fortress near Seville—one of those old castles where a state prisoner might be immured in a dungeon for life, without even the chance of escaping, as Monte Christo escaped from the Chateau d'If. Don Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, is in this unhappy predicament, and the governor of the prison, Don Pizarro, being, for reasons unexplained, his implacable enemy, has spread the report of his death, and meanwhile ordered him to be confined in the lowest cell of the fortress, where, by gradual starvation, Don Pizarro hopes to extinguish the life of his prisoner without resorting to violent means. Don Florestan, however, is happy in the possession of a devoted, attached, and high-spirited wife—Leonora—who, incredulous about the report of his death, disguises herself as a servant, and assuming the name of Fidelio, contrives to get engaged by Rocco, the principal gaoler of the fortress. The docile manners of Fidelio soon render her a favourite, and Marcellina, daughter of Rocco, though pledged to Jacquinio, a porter, becomes enamoured of the supposed youth. This, of course, favours the designs of Leonora, and the latter soon persuades Rocco to allow her to accompany him to the dungeons of the prisoners, on the occasions of his periodical visits. Meanwhile news arrives to Don Pizarro, that Don Ferdinand de Zelve, Minister of the Interior, is on his way to inspect the prison, suspicions having been raised that Don Florestan is still living, which determines the minister to inquire into the

truth. Surprised in his villany, and fearful of the consequences, Don Pizarro resolves to murder Don Florestan, and discloses his plans to Rocco. Rocco, refusing to undertake the deed himself, agrees nevertheless to prepare the grave within an hour, while Don Pizarro himself is to strike the blow. The conversation is overheard by Leonora, who, suspecting the intended victim may be her husband, prevails upon Rocco to allow her to assist him in the task of preparing the grave. Rocco consents, and Leonora soon knows her husband by his voice, although his emaciated form would almost have defied recognition. The grave is dug, all is ready, and Don Pizarro arrives; but, at the moment when he is about to accomplish the fatal act, Leonora, forgetting her disguise, rushes precipitately between the assassin and his prey, proclaims herself at once the shield of Florestan and his wife. This situation is, perhaps, without exception, the finest in the lyric drama, and the manner in which Beethoven has treated it would alone have made his work immortal. Astonished at discovering so formidable an opponent, in the person of a supposed servant-boy, Don Pizarro is, for an instant, abashed; but, collecting his energies, he is about to sacrifice both man and wife to his fury, when a flourish of distant trumpets (behind the scenes) announces the arrival of the Minister. Don Pizarro is of course discomfited and disgraced, while Fidelio (the "faithful Leonora") is made happy by the pardon and re-possession of her husband. As a heroine, we confess, we prefer Fidelio to Penelope, and there can be but one regret that Shakespeare did not know and dramatize the story, which may be presumed to be much older than is generally stated. The consolation, however, is that had Shakespeare treated it he would have left nothing more to express, and Beethoven must have selected another subject, or, perhaps, would never have written an opera at all, his admiration for the story of *Fidelio* having alone put such a notion into his head. Mozart would then have been the gainer, and his *Don Juan* have remained without a rival. Of the music it is more difficult to speak. To say that an opera is not inferior to *Don Juan* is to say so much that to prove it becomes a question in which assertion must necessarily take a serious part. No one, however, denies that Beethoven equalled Mozart in his symphonies and quartets, and excelled him in some respects, while remaining behind him in his sacred music; why then, should not Beethoven have equalled Mozart in his dramatic composition? One thing is certain, that never did subject more thoroughly take possession of poet, painter, or musician, than *Fidelio* of Beethoven. It was the time of his passion for the celebrated "Julia,"—celebrated only because she was loved by Beethoven. It was the period when his rapidly approaching deafness threw the shadow of that despair before him which darkened his after life. He was completely filled with the story of *Fidelio*, and was never, even when his malady increased the natural irritability of his temperament, more irritable, more absent, more solitary than while engaged in composing the music. He wrote the whole of it at Hetzen-dorf, a "laughing" hamlet in the neighbourhood of Vienna, in the bosom of a thick umbrageous wood, contiguous to the park of Schonbrunn;—"seated," as the lively Schindler relates (whose wretched "life" of the great musician is only valuable on the strength of a number of anecdotes of the same familiar description), "between the stems of an oak, which shot out from the main trunk at the height of about two feet from the ground." In the very same place Beethoven had already composed the *Mount of Olives*. For

many years it was his favourite summer residence. There is an earnestness about the whole opera of *Fidelio*, which, from first to last, betrays a spirit deeply absorbed in a particular train of thought. We have often dreamed that in *Fidelio* Beethoven had pictured to himself a Julia, devoted solely to himself, and painted her in the bright hues of his glowing imagination; that Florestan's sickness and imprisonment were but the ideals of his own physical malady, and his own separation from the busy strife of worldly joys and worldly passions; and that, despairing to meet a being so constant and so self-sacrificing, he created one, forgetting that he was mortal, and that the creature of his fancy belonged to another and a more enduring world!

As a mere artistic work *Fidelio* is incomparable. Every personage sings his own peculiar music; every incident is described with consummate art; every passion is exhibited with an intensity that only music can accomplish, and a truth that belongs to the highest combination of philosophy and poetry. That *Fidelio* moves the crowd has been a hundred times proved. That it has the entire admiration of artists needs not our assurance. It therefore possesses both the qualities most desirable in art, and here again comes into rivalry with that inconvenient *Don Juan*, which will not allow us to entitle anything else unrivalled. But how much more simple, pure, and elevating is the subject of *Fidelio*! It is human, and contains one character that does honour to humanity—which is more than can be said of *Don Juan*. Fidelio is the heroine of heroines, the lover of lovers, the wife of wives, the woman of women, and Beethoven has described her, has done her justice, has individualized her, has made her immortal—which would seem to establish the paradox that art is higher than virtue, a paradox nevertheless, and only not a paradox when the sincerity of the musician, the certainty that his heart was in his work, and that while writing the music of *Fidelio* he identified himself with the character, are taken into consideration.

In speaking of the music of *Fidelio* we may pass over the four overtures, two of which the *Leonora* in C, and the *Fidelio* in E, are familiar to every amateur, while the two others were condemned by the composer himself. We merely express our opinion that the former—preferred by Beethoven, though (or, perhaps, because) condemned by Schindler—should always be accorded the place of honour, as not only the grandest piece of music, but by far the best fitted to be the prelude to such a work. The opening scene of the opera begins with a duet in A, for Marcellina and Jacquino, and an air in C minor for Marcellina. The first represents a lively altercation between the lovers, whose happiness is disturbed by the fascinating influence of Fidelio upon the young lady; the latter a vague inspiration of Marcellina about some unknown and impossible felicity. One is playful, the other romantic; both are admirably true. The unpretending commencement of *Fidelio* often reminds us of Godwin's romance of *Caleb Williams*, which from so commonplace an announcement, ends with so absorbing a dénouement; not, however, that we would think of comparing the two works in any other respect, or of placing the rude ease of the first chapters of the English novel to the interesting and highly finished music with which the German opera sets out. The quartet in G, for the same couple, with the addition of Leonora and Rocco, where Marcellina congratulates herself on the love of the false Fidelio, poor Jacquino is disconsolate, Rocco has visions of a happy old

age, and Leonora looks upon all of them as implements for her purpose, is again unstudied and simple, although the musician's hand is evident in the canon, and in the varied accompaniments that mark each successive appearance of the theme, while the vocal harmony is beautiful. This quartet is one of the pieces wherever the opera is played. Rocco's air, in B flat, an apostrophe to the united charms of love and money (the last first, in Rocco's esteem), is as reckless and full of candour as the words themselves. The episode, in the subdominant key is sparkling and effective. The *terzetto* in F, for Marcelina, Leonora, and Rocco, is a piece of more elaborate and ambitious texture. The interest of the plot is beginning to unravel itself, and with true dramatic genius, Beethoven makes his music rise with the fortunes of his heroine. But this *terzetto*, the march in the B flat which follows, announcing the arrival of Pizarro, and the fine air with chorus, in D minor, in which the wicked governor unfolds his hatred and his malignant intentions towards the unhappy Florestan, are too well known in our concert-rooms to need description. At this point both the drama and the music have seemingly reached the highest point of interest; but, with singular art and prodigious inventions, Beethoven makes it go on increasing. The duet in A, in which Pizarro confides his designs about the murder of Florestan to Rocco, as a piece of musical dialogue is equal to anything ever written, while its dramatic interest is absorbing to the last degree. The point in the words "Und er verstummt"—expressed by the three notes, F natural, D, A—has often been cited as a consummate master-stroke, unfolding, with a single touch, the cowardly spirit and black heart of Pizarro. During the whole duet the fear and horror of the gaoler are painted with vivid intensity. Many regard this duet as the triumph of Beethoven's genius.

The scene in E, where Leonora ponders on her situation, protests her abiding love for her husband, and resolves to save him, brings out the character of the heroine in a still stronger and more beautiful light. This is equally a well known *morceau*, and will be at once recognised by its *obligato* accompaniment for three horns and bassoon, which renders it so difficult of execution both to singer and orchestra. What is there to say about the chorus in B flat, where through the intervention of Leonora, the prisoners are allowed for a short time to issue from their dungeons, breathe the air, and see the light of heaven? What that has not been said a thousand times? What but that, for pathos and expression, it is matchless? The single burst on the chord of D flat, in the first phrase of the subject, is a stroke of genius that must touch every heart sensible to the divinest effects of harmony. It reaches the crowd without the crowd knowing why, and little does it matter to them or to Beethoven what the chord may be called in the technical dictionary of sound. The two solos for tenor and bass are both exquisitely touching, and the whole chorus is a masterly dramatic picture,—the expression of a momentary joy too sweet to last, half stifled at intervals by sad recollections of the past and sadder apprehensions for the future. This chorus forms the opening of the *finale* to the first act. The remainder consists of a duet for Leonora and Rocco, which, going through a variety of keys, ultimately conducts to an *andante* in E flat, remarkable, among other things, for the fine employment of the wind instruments, especially the clarinets, in the orchestra. The action of this duet comprises the narration of Florestan's history to Leonora, and Rocco's ultimate

consent to allow her to share his task in digging the grave for the victim of Pizarro's vengeance. The rest of the *finale* includes a series of fragments, following each other with the utmost consistency of plan, and concluding with a splendid chorus in B flat, the action described being the return of Pizarro, who surprises the prisoners in the enjoyment of their unwonted freedom, rebukes Rocco for disobeying his orders, and commands them back once more to darkness and despair, which gradually dies away as the prisoners retire to their dungeons, when the curtain falls.

The second act commences with an instrumental prelude in F minor, descriptive of the misery of Florestan, which leads to the fine *adagio* in A flat, when the hapless victim of state revenge, bound by a chain to the walls of his cell, recounts his sufferings and innocence, until a vision seems to appear to his distracted mind, in the shape of his beloved Leonora. Nothing can be more striking than the expression of enthusiasm in the movement which follows the *adagio* and terminates the air in F, the major of the key of the prelude, by which the whole becomes one connected piece. If any part of *Fidelio* can be said to surpass all the rest, it is the scene which follows. The action comprises the preparation of Florestan's intended grave by Leonora and Rocco, the appearance of Pizarro, his approach with intent to murder Florestan, Leonora's intervention and subsequent avowal of her sex and relation to the prisoner, the sudden arrival of the Minister of the Interior, the discomfiture of Pizarro, and the joy of the devoted pair, thus restored to each other and happiness. The whole of this is described in four magnificent pieces: a duet for Leonora and Rocco in A minor; a trio in A major for the same, with Florestan; a quartet in D for the same, with Pizarro; and a duet for Leonora and Florestan, in G;—the first, gloomy and oppressive; the second, a stream of flowing melody; third, agitated, stirring, and dramatic; the fourth, unbounded in its passionate expression. The part played by the orchestra in these pieces is tremendous; nothing can surpass it in depth and variety of colouring. The introduction in the quartet, of the distant trumpets, in B flat, on an interrupted cadence, when the furious progress of the music appears to have attained its utmost possible climax, is a master-stroke of genius, for which the art can shew but few parallels. The same effect is introduced in the overture in C, called *Leonora*, for which reason alone (without taking into consideration that it was the composer's favourite), that instrumental piece should always precede the performance of the opera. We have now nothing left to describe in this rapid survey but the grand choral and concerted *finale* in C major, which, happily, is too well known to render detailed analysis requisite. The *dénouement* of the story is arrived at, and Beethoven makes his characters assemble and give utterance to a veritable hymn of gladness and thanksgiving, in which all but the guilty Pizarro take part. Never was the united effect of full chorus and semi-chorus (represented by six of the principals) more superbly employed. As the *finale* proceeds the voices and instruments seem gradually to accumulate power, and the end is attained with a burst of harmony, solemn, grand, and overpowering,—a triumphant climax to a noble work of art and inspiration.

FORMES.

(From the Athenæum.)

"We have reserved for a last paragraph the welcome progress made by Herr. Formes. Many parts of his *Bertramo*

were magnificently sung on Thursday; his voice being riper and rounder and his articulation more refined than they were. Some tendency to attitudinize still remains; but this we begin to think may also disappear,—since marked amendment in one point may naturally be accepted as prophecy of improvement in others. It is especially our duty to say this; having been among the few who criticised Herr Formes strictly in the days when he did not sing well."

[We understand that Herr Formes is cast for the bass part in *Sappho*.]

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

DEBUT OF SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

Our prophecy has come to pass. Our expectations have been verified, our anticipations more than fulfilled. Sophie Cruvelli has been tried in the balance and found equal. She has been tested in the ordeal of the loftiest and severest music and has come forth, not only unscathed but triumphant. We are not going to be critical—we would fain be poetical, had we the gift of the gods. Nor are we in the mood for arithmetic and calculation. We cannot be cooled down to details. What care we for that criticism which deals in "parcels and metaphors?" We feel ourselves elevated above it. We have stood within the temple, and bowed before a new divinity. The influence of genius is upon us. The *fanci* uo Cruvelli's voice still rings in our ears. The beauty and grace of Cruvelli's face and form still live in our eyes. Beethoven's *Fidelio*, in a new and a lovely image, has found a resting place in our heart. Under such impressions can we write as we are wont to write?—can we criticise with calm indifference? It must not be expected.

Another Malibran has descended to us, as it were, from the clouds, and in Malibran's greatest character, has won for herself a name. Three years ago, Sophie Cruvelli, then scarcely nineteen, made her first appearance on the operatic horizon, and was winning her way with rapid strides to the zenith of public estimation, when she found herself suddenly all but extinguished in the radiance of the fiery comet of 1848—Jenny Lind. But Sophie's light was not to be entirely quenched even by this brightness. The spirit within her told her with prophetic tongue to bide her time. Sophie stole away quietly, almost unperceived, from the glare created by the approximation of the fiery comet, and instead of giving way to despair, or resenting the apathy of the public, lifted her proud head erect, and said to herself, "Mine shall be a great revenge! I will shine yet with a lustre equal to that of this all-absorbing planet. My course may not be so erratic, but my light shall at least be as intense, my direction as straight. Art and determination shall guide me on the way, and hope support me through difficulties. This shall be my revenge." Thus spoke Sophie Cruvelli, or rather her good Genius, which would not let her rest until the prophecy was fulfilled, and the vow accomplished. The prophecy has been fulfilled. Sophie Cruvelli has taken her revenge. We were not entirely unprepared for the result of Tuesday night.

For the last twelve seasons, or, it may be, fourteen, we had at various times heard of Cruvelli, and read of her successes on the continent. In Genoa, especially, the accounts that reached us, public and private, were of a kind not to be disregarded. Had we not known the stuff of which Cruvelli was made, the splendid voice she possessed, the energy she exhibited when she appeared in London, all indicating the latent fire of genius, we might have paused before giving credence to the reports of friends, enthusiasts, and journalists. As it was we put

some faith in what we heard. More lately, when she appeared in Paris and turned the heads of all the *habitués* of the *Salle Ventadour*, when the critics of the press to a man, including Jules Janin, Hector Berlioz, Fiorentino, Theophile Gautier, Adolphe Adam, and others, wrote glowingly about her, although on many occasions we had found reason to differ *toto celo* from the fiat of Parisian criticism, we fancied there must be truth in the general proclamation of Cruvelli's greatness. Not entirely grounding our opinions upon report, but wishing to judge for ourselves, we went to hear Cruvelli at rehearsal, and after hearing her entertained no further doubt.

Our readers will not have forgotten the prophecy of last week, nor will they feel uninterested in reading the history of its entire fulfilment now.

Leonora, the mightiest creation of Beethoven, is considered without exception, the most arduous and difficult part in the whole range of the lyric drama. Was it wise, then, in Cruvelli to risk her reputation by making her *debut*—her real *debut*—before the most critical and most exacting audience of Europe, in such a character? Did she consider as nothing the fact that she had never played Leonora, never seen it played? Did she weigh well the policy of being first heard in the profound inspirations of the German composer, in preference to making her initiative essay in the brilliant strains of some favourite Italian? Did she ponder well on which would prove most acceptable to the subscribers and public?

Sophie Cruvelli, no doubt, sifted every side of the question and drew her inference accordingly. Genius is bold, or else she would never have had the courage to undertake a character which had proved a stumbling block to every artist since Malibran. Genius is self-dependent, and without genius Cruvelli would never have attempted so arduous a task, and sustained it to the end without a single moment of doubt. Genius is full of faith and hope, and without genius Cruvelli could not have anticipated success in such a labor.

We repeat, we are not going into particulars; to count the stars, and separate the petals of the rose, belongs to astronomers and botanists. We do not feel the critical *affatus*. To pick out, one by one, the beauties of Cruvelli's *Fidelio* belongs to the *cumini sectores*. We are poets, not analysers; but language fails us and inspiration is speechless. The curious in details may learn from another part of this journal the statistics of Cruvelli's first appearance. What to us are a voice of unparalleled beauty and power, intonation never at fault, method style which might serve as models, flexibility, and compass, phrasing, and other qualifications—when we see genius transcending all, when we feel lifted up by enthusiasm, absorbed by passion, permeated by emotion. Can we applaud when the quick beating of the heart chokes us? Can we clap our hands when our eyes are suffused with tears? It is necessary, however, that our readers should have some idea of what Cruvelli is. It may be expressed in a line—she is the successor of MALIBRAN.

We have not written this upon impulse, although impulse suggested it the instant she appeared on the stage. We have considered it well, weighed it well, and come to a rational conclusion. Cruvelli lacks not one of those qualities which rendered Malibran the greatest dramatic singer of her age. Voice, power, art, energy, impulse, *abandon*, intensity, feeling, are all in the German maiden; face and personal appearance are equally in her favour; ease and grace are visible in every movement. One thing alone we would particularize in Sophie Cruvelli—and here again the comparison with Malibran forces itself upon us. Every thing she does is redolent of youth. The honey fresh voice, the grace of action, the simplicity of gesture, the natural bursts of enthusiasm, each look, each

word, possess an almost infantine beauty beyond the power of words to convey. This peculiarity proceeds from genius being paramount to art, and has been pointed out in two artists only, Mademoiselle Mars and Malibran. We have discovered it in two others—Rachel and Cruvelli.

Of Sophie Cruvelli's performance of Leonora in *Fidelio*, we shall be enabled to render a more specific account next week. At present, we can only trust ourselves to generalities. That Cruvelli has made one of the most decided hits ever remembered at her Majesty's Theatre is certain, and that her name is already enrolled among the greatest singers of all time is equally true. When Sheridan made his famous speech against Warren Hastings, Pitt moved an adjournment of the debate, giving as a reason, that it was impossible for the house to consider the question calmly after the effect produced by the orator. So, in like spirit, we move the adjournment of our critical discussion, since it would be next to impossible to render a dispassionate account of the first performance of *Fidelio*, after the effect produced on us by SOPHIE CRUVELLI. D. R.

Thursday night was "long" and "extra." The performances included the second and third acts of *Masaniello*, the whole of the *Barbiere*, a selection from the ballet of *Esmeralda*, and ditto from *Les Cosmopolites*. The theatre was crowded in every part, and numbers were sent away from the doors who came to seek for places. The two acts of *Masaniello* went admirably, and Pardini and Massol, both of whom sang splendidly, created the usual *furor*, and elicited the usual encore. The choruses all went well; and, indeed, we perceived no indication of a falling off in the general performance—a fault too often to be remarked when selections from operas are given, and singers appear to have lost all zeal.

The charming Monti was as irresistible as ever, and never acted with more exquisite grace and finish.

The *Barbiere* offered some new points that call for special notice. Signor Ferranti, who made so favourable a first appearance in Alary's opera, *Le Tre Nozze*, was the Figaro, and achieved a decided success. His qualifications for a *buffo* singer are not to be denied. He has a well toned, flexible, and powerful barytone voice, and high, too—an indispensable requisite in the music of Figaro—while his humour is hearty and natural. His appearance is also in his favour. His countenance is expressive and his figure good. Altogether Signor Ferranti is perhaps the best Figaro who has been at Her Majesty's Theatre since the days of Tamburini. The "Largo al factotum," rendered with great spirit and animation, was loudly applauded. The *prestissimo* at the end was given admirably, not a note nor a word being lost. The two duets also—that with the Count, "All' idea di quel metallo," and that with Rosina, "Dunque io son"—were both well acted and sung. Indeed throughout the opera Signor Ferranti proved himself an artist and an actor, and Mr. Lumley has to congratulate himself on the acquisition of a good *buffo* singer—Lablache is of course beyond the pale of comparison—the want of his company during the last few years.

Signor Casanova played Basilio for the first time at this theatre, and sang the music better than we anticipated. Still he has not weight of voice sufficient for the music, and especially for the "Calunnia," which would have suited Coletti better. Basilio is an important part (as the great Ronconi proved once upon a time), and might have been assigned to Coletti without derogating from the position of that esteemed artist.

Madame Sontag was as delightful as ever in Rosina, and

sang the music with an indelible charm and prodigious effect. Being written for a *mezzo soprano*, the music of Rosina is occasionally too low for Madame Sontag, and the necessitated alterations interfere in some respects with the composer's intention; but these are slight drawbacks, except with the sticklers for Rossini—a difficult race to please—and Rosina is certainly one of the accomplished artist's most finished performances. Rode's "Air and variations" excited more enthusiasm than ever, and was encored in a perfect hurricane of applause.

We prefer Signor Calzolari's Almaviva to any part in which he has yet appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre. The great flexibility of his voice, and the pure quality of the upper register, admirably befit him for the music. The opening cavatina, "Ecco ridente," was rendered with sweetness and expression, and the florid passages in the *cabaletta* mastered with singular ease. The whole of the duet with Figaro, also, displayed to advantage the capabilities of his voice in florid singing. We were infinitely pleased with Signor Calzolari in the trio, "Ah! qual colpo," in the last scene, and indeed in the whole of the opera he entirely satisfied us. If there was anything on which we might animadvert it was perhaps the drunken scene, into which a little more fun might have been infused without weakening the vocal effects. Nevertheless, Signor Calzolari's acting throughout was genial and animated, and his performance frequently and loudly applauded.

Lablache's Bartolo is prodigious. It is one of the masterpieces of comic acting and *buffo* singing. But why does the great basso omit his air in the first act, one of the finest things in the opera? We shall quarrel with Lablache if he treats Rossini's score with this indifference. He had no excuse on Thursday night, as he was in glorious voice and immense condition.

Take it altogether, the performance of the *Barbiere* was one of the best we have seen at Her Majesty's Theatre for many years.

Between the acts of the *Barbiere*, a selection from *Esmeralda* introduced Carlotta Grisi, who danced the favourite *Truandaise* with M. Charles to admiration, and was applauded tumultuously. In the selection from *Les Cosmopolites*, which closed the performances with great brilliancy, the Quadrille Francaise, supported by the Mesdemoiselles Esper, Aussandon, Jullien, Allegrini, Kohlenberg, Soldansky, Rosa, and Lamoureux; the *Sicilienne*, by Mdle. Amalia Ferraris; and the Mazurka, by Carlotta Grisi and Paul Taglioni, were all received with great favour. We must chide M. Taglioni, however, for having cut out the *Anglaise* after the first performance of this *divertissement*. It was not only one of the prettiest and most characteristic *pas* in the whole, but one of the most decidedly successful, and was danced with the utmost *verve*, spirit, and cleverness by our clever countrywoman, Mdle. James, who is not to be put aside in favour of others, her inferiors, simply because she is of English birth. Mdle. James is one of the very best of Mr. Lumley's principal *coryphées*, and the *Anglaise* should be restored forthwith. Carlotta's dancing in the Mazurka created an unusual sensation. The incomparable *danseuse* was never more incomparable.

Owing to the excellent regulations, the performances concluded at an unusually early hour for a long Thursday, the delays between the acts being of little or no account.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Der Freyschutz* was given for the first time this season with Tamberlik as Giulio (Max, or Rudolph), the part played last year by Signor Maralti. It was the first

appearance of the great tenor in the character. The substitution was an immense improvement, and, although the music is too low in general for Tamberlik, we never heard it so magnificently and effectively sung. The *cantabile* in the grand scena, "Thro' the forests, thro' the meadows" transposed a note higher, was encored, a compliment rarely, if ever, paid to a singer. The passionate energy infused into it completely carried away the audience. In the fine trio in the second act, Signor Tamberlik also sang admirably, although a more intimate acquaintance with the music would have tended to heighten the effect. After a few repetitions, when Signor Tamberlik will have become more familiar with the score, we have little doubt that Giulio will be one of his finest performances. It is no small merit in this admirable tenor that he has now proved himself fully equal to the three great schools of dramatic music—the Italian, French, and German.

Formes was again the Caspar, and, though labouring under severe indisposition, his acting was as dramatic and impressive as ever. His death-scene was a masterpiece of melo-dramatic effect.

Madame Castellan was the Agatha, as she was last year, and proved herself more efficient than ever in the music. She displayed an unusual amount of energy and feeling in the great scena of the second act, and avoided the interpolations of last year, which made her singing all the more delightful.

Mdlle Bertrandi made her second appearance in Annette, the music of which seems still better suited to her than that of the Page in the *Huguenots*. She sang neatly and agreeably, and in the legend of the second act, created a most favourable impression. Mdlle Bertrandi is an excellent musician, and has a charming light mezzo-soprano voice. A little more confidence would have made her singing unexceptionable. She has proved a most valuable acquisition to Mr. Gye.

Signor Tagliafico was an efficient substitute for Massol in Chiliano, and Signor Rommi filled out the small part of Kuno with his usual ability.

The overture was superbly played by the band, and encored with immense applause. The laughing chorus might have been improved, and the chorus of spirits behind the scenes in the incarnation was also open to criticism.

Her Majesty and *Suite* arrived at the end of the first act, and remained until the termination of the opera.

On Tuesday the *Lucrezia Borgia* was announced, but, as we suppose, in consequence of Signor Salvatori's influenza, was withdrawn, and the *Donna del Lago* given instead. This performance calls for no particular remarks.

Fidèle was substituted in the bills for the *Favorita*, which had been announced for Thursday, but, in consequence of Formes' indisposition, this also was withdrawn for the present, and *Masaniello* given in its place. Tagliafico, that most generally, and generously useful barytone, filled Formes' place in Pietro. This performance calls for no particular remark.

Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The departure of M. Regnier and Mdlle. Judith has produced an entire change in the style of the performance. We have now bid adieu to comedy, and entered upon the domain of broad farce. One of the principal attractions of the French

Plays is, that however successful a piece may be, we never have it more than three or four times; the limited circle who frequent this theatre being a bar to a long "run;" so that the agreeable consequence is, a rapid succession of new actors and new pieces. This keeps up an excitement which is never allowed to flag, from the beginning to the end of the season. After the repetition of "Le Chevalier du Gue," in which M. Lafont played with his accustomed humour and aplomb, a new piece entitled "*Romeo et Marielle*" was produced, in which M. Levassor made his reappearance for the first time this year before a London public. He was warmly greeted on his appearance, and, before he had uttered a syllable, the laughter of the public proved that, as an established favourite, he need but point his joke, and all would be sure to relish it (*de confiance*). It is true that no actor on the stage understands a joke better than Levassor. He treats it as a gourmand some favourite dish; dwells on the very part which is safe to ensure the greatest effect, enables you fully to appreciate his meaning, and by the *apropos* of his acting and pantomime carries you clean off your legs, and convulses you with laughter whether you will or not, not unfrequently in spite of your better judgment. The fact is, that you had better leave your judgment at home; you will be all the better pleased. After all, we delight in a good hearty laugh, and, thanks to M. Levassor, can now enjoy that luxury to our heart's content. The new piece is of *Palais Royal* manufacture, or rather *Montansier*, as it is now called. Three men, Messrs. Dumanoir, Sirandin, and Moreau, have clubbed their wits together to write an extravaganza for two actors, of whom M. Levassor is one, and Madlle. Scriwaneck the other. These two parts make four; each of the actors appears in a double disguise. Romeo is a young lawyer's clerk in love with Marielle, a grisette, who, to avoid the annoyance of being hunted to death by her admirers, has assumed the disguise of her own aunt. But Romeo is not so easily put off his scent. He resolves to try what he can do with the assumed aunt, and disguises himself as an old man—assumes the name of Grenouillet—palms himself off upon the supposed aunt as an old flame, and is thunderstruck at the success of his machinations, and the extraordinary stories which he invents to ferret out some of the old woman's former adventures, which he employs as a lever to induce her to consent to his marriage with her niece. The sudden transitions from old age to youth on both sides—the occasional oblivion of their disguise, gave place to a succession of humorous scenes, which kept the house in excellent humour from beginning to end. Nothing could be more perfect than Levassor's assumption of the old man's part; his make up was admirable, as usual; while his singing was warmly applauded, and most deservedly so. We were also delighted to see Mdlle. Scriwaneck in her own element. Her assumption of the old woman's part was well managed, and sustained throughout with considerable tact. Her acting, as the niece, was also highly pleasing; her singing, was also much superior to what is usually heard on the stage of the *Vaudeville*. The performances concluded with another new piece, entitled *Embrassons nous Folleville*, which we shall make no attempt to analyze, being thoroughly convinced that we should be unable to convey any idea of the story. All we can do is to advise every one to go and see it, and enjoy a hearty laugh. M. Amant plays the part of an old marquis of hasty temper, with much humour; M. Derval that of a young viscount, of hasty temper, with considerable spirit; Madlle. Scriwaneck the part of a young lady, also of

hasty temper, with charming vivacity; and M. Lacouriere the part of a chevalier, endowed with a more pacific disposition, and a decided lack of humour. One scene, in which the three hasty people set to breaking all the china within reach, was excellent, and kept the house in convulsions.

On Wednesday, three pieces, entirely new to London, were produced, all from the repertoire of the Montansier. The first is a pretty trifle, entitled *Une femme qui a une jambe de bois*, in which a young gentleman offers to submit to the amputation of a leg, by way of putting himself on the same footing as his mistress, whom he supposes to be minus a leg. The next novelty is by M. Mélesielle, and is called *Si jeunesse savait*. The Duc de Richelieu, now old, engages in an adventure to secure the hand of a certain marchioness for a blockhead of a nephew. At an interview in the garden the nephew kneels at the feet of his mistress, while the old beau pronounces a declaration of love, and when a rival appears with a drawn sword, disarms him and retreats, leaving his nephew all the honour of the victory. M. Levassor was wonderfully comic as the silly, simpering nephew, and the old duke was ably impersonated by M. Derval. The third piece is called *Madame Bertrand et Mademoiselle Raton*. It is a farce of the broadest style, and was recently produced in Paris. As may be gathered from the title of the piece, Madame Bertrand makes a catpaw of Madlle. Raton, to effect a certain object she has in view, which is to keep up a correspondence with a lover who dwells in a house opposite, who writes her flaming epistles, and shaves three times a day to have a pretence for seeing her from his window. Madame Bertrand is a bad hand at orthography, and steals a letter from one of her workwomen, Madlle. Raton, which is despatched to her innamorata, who immediately make his appearance. Unfortunately Tetard is the quondam lover of Madlle. Raton. A quarrel ensues—an explanation takes place; the shocking revelation of the lady's inability to spell is made, and the poor mistress is deserted for her more clever assistant. The part of the poet was played to perfection by M. Levassor. His drinking song was heartily and deservedly applauded. Madlle. Scriwaneck also displayed a burst of female vindictiveness, which partook of genuine comedy.

ADELPHI.—The drama of *Green Bushes* has been played here during the week to crowded houses. Criticism would be superfluous on a piece so long established in public favour; but those who can love heroism in russet as well as ermine should go and see Madlle. Celeste and Miss Woolgar in *Green Bushes*. The former lady has more than usual scope for her abilities in Miami, the fair rover of the Indian mountains and forests; nor does the stage at present possess a truer thing of the kind than Miss Wolgar's rustic pathos and humour as the poor Irish peasant-girl. Miss Ellen Chaplin, the fair coadjutor of these twin-stars, is fast rising in popular esteem.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—"The Messiah" was given on Monday evening, the singers being Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Dolby, and the Mesdms. Felton and Henderson, Messrs. Cooper and Phillips. The event of the evening was Miss Catherine Hayes in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which, in spite of the regulations of the society, very nearly obtained an encore. Miss Dolby was as effective as ever. Miss Felton's singing appears to possess some incipient excellencies, but we cannot speak with confidence of her until she has obtained more of that commodity herself.

Miss Henderson, who looks as fresh as "the early May," sung "Come unto Him" with taste and expression.

Original Correspondence.

NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The two or three reasons, communicated in my last, why English opera has failed of success hitherto, are, of course, by no means the only ones which exert a baneful influence; others are well nigh as prominent, and "their name is legion." Your pages are, however, not the area wherein to exhibit them even were space less valuable than it is. Very many of them will suggest themselves to an observing mind, but some few are of a nature which can only be removed by a special legal enactment, such only as may be obtained through the remedy I would propose, namely, A PETITION TO PARLIAMENT, praying for—in the first place—

A CHARTER—not of INCORPORATION, but of LAWS—such as may hereafter be detailed, provided only the "notion" be entertained by the profession generally. This charter should have for its object the establishment of a national opera, based upon a code of laws, specially enacted, whereby the cultivation of the lyric drama should be made subservient to the advancement of ART, and the culture of ARTISTS, affording to all the musicians of this kingdom an equal chance of being heard, if worthy, both as composers and as vocalists. Also, for establishing a legitimate grade for the profession generally, and affording a guarantee against want to all who shall establish a claim through certain terms of service or association.

And, in the second place, a subsidy of £2,000. per annum, for the purpose of guaranteeing the following salaries to the following officers, who shall conjointly act as a committee of management—

General Director.....	£400 per ann.
Musical Director.....	350
Stage-Manager.....	300
Leader of the Band.....	250
Chorus Master.....	250
Treasurer.....	250
Secretary.....	200
	2,000

The appointment of these officers, as also the means of obtaining a grant of land for the erection of a theatre, are subjects for future consideration. Let it suffice, that this difficulty has been well considered, and can be overcome without asking of Parliament more than is likely to be granted. My object in this letter being simply to suggest to my brothers of "the craft" a means of rescuing themselves from unmerited obscurity, and convincing them that the attainment of this means is not so absolutely ridiculous as your correspondent F. G. B. seems to think.

My reasons for believing that Parliament would listen to a well digested scheme are twofold—those which I privately entertain through having partly agitated the question; and those which I publicly could advance through having given the subject a consideration, based, not merely on my hopes, but on the result of enquiry. The following is one, and a sufficiently intelligible one to satisfy most people of the probability of success—namely, all educated persons, and the AUTHORITIES OF THE LAND in particular, know that music is a science which elevates and refines the human mind, that its encouragement as an art is to be commended, and that its partial development within these few years past has been attended by good political consequences. They know that the OPERA is the least reprehensible form the drama has ever assumed. They have some reason to feel ashamed of the want of sympathy with us hitherto; and would so clearly perceive the advantages which might be reaped from the abolition of existing abuses, and the substitution of feasible improvements, (such as the contemplated petition would embody,) that even Mr. Joseph Hume would

scarcely venture to oppose the grant of so small a sum as would be found adequately necessary for the purpose prayed.

I will now, Sir, conclude my letter, and the subject, by stating the means which it would be desirable to employ for the attainment of this object. Firstly, a petition to be got up—setting forth, as briefly as possible, the nature of its prayer; and, secondly, the said petition should be signed as numerous as possible.

To attain the first, I would, myself, draw up an abstract of the plan which should be submitted to any six competent individuals, who might feel sufficient interest in the matter, to give it their attention. It could, after being well considered, be submitted to legal revision, and afterwards printed in sufficiently brief form to be sent for ONE PENNY by post.

To attain the second—I would crave your assistance, and ask that a copy of the said petition be given to every subscriber to *The Musical World*, with a request that each individual might append his or her own name, and obtain as many as possible of those of his or her acquaintance. A copy might also be posted to every important town in the United Kingdom for the same purpose. In order to effect this, an expense of some five or six pounds only need be incurred, and I hereby state, that should any of your subscribers take up the matter I will cheerfully contribute my mite, and give whatever time or labor may be required for the completion of the object in view.

I have now, Sir, trespassed long enough on your time and patience. Should my suggestion be taken up by only half a dozen courageous and not-to-be-daunted individuals, success may be looked upon as *most probable*. Many there are who may smile at its apparent absurdity, but let them think more deeply on the subject, and its ridiculousness will vanish. At all events many do think, with me, that the trial is worth the risk—even of being laughed at—and now is the place for one concluding observation. It is *not* by the assistance of those "eminent" gentlemen whose names stand forth *most* prominently in the musical profession that my object is likely to be obtained; not that all amongst them would be so ungenerous as to withhold their signatures; but because it is from those who *hope* to attain fame, rather than from those who *have attained it*, that assistance may most naturally be looked for. The petition must, therefore, be *numerously* signed to be of any value. Any communication addressed to the Editor of *The Musical World* in answer to this, will be thankfully responded to. Should none be made, the subject must be considered as "negated," and will, therefore, be no further pursued by,

Sir, your obedient servant,

PHILO-MUSICA.

Miscellaneous.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES' GRAND MORNING CONCERT.—The Hanover-square Rooms were filled to overflowing on Monday morning by an elegant and fashionable company. Miss Catherine Hayes had prepared a programme of unusual excellence, and the executants reckoned among them Ernst, Bottesini (the great contra-bassist—his first appearance for two years), and others of note. Miss Hayes was in splendid voice, and sang with immense effect; in fact, we were never more surprised than at the improvements we found in Miss Hayes. Her voice has gained greatly in power, and there is more decision in her tones. The peculiar sweetness and plaintiveness, so remarkable before, are as conspicuous, and her intonation as faultless, as ever. The cavatina from the *Prophète*, "Ah, mon fils!" and the "Casta diva," from *Norma*, in their different styles, were both rendered to perfection. The low notes of Miss Hayes in Meyerbeer's song were exceedingly fine, and created a deep sensation. In the brilliant school of vocalization Miss Catherine Hayes has few rivals; hence her scena from *Norma* was a great feat. She also sang with great effect a duet from *Linda*, with Herr Reichart, the tenor, which barely escaped an encore. Miss Catherine Hayes created an unusual impression: her voice and singing were the themes of universal admiration, and her immense improvement was generally allowed. The prodigious enthusiasm Miss Catherine Hayes

created in Ireland can no longer be matter of surprise. Herr Reichart will certainly prove a valuable acquisition to the concert-room. We have already spoken of his talent on the occasion of his *début* at the last Philharmonic concert, and hope we shall frequently hear him in Schubert's "Lieder." A vocalist from Vienna, Mlle. Anna Zerr, we have likewise to congratulate on a most successful *début*. This lady has a soprano voice of great compass, and of clear and agreeable quality. Her execution of an air from *La Clemenza di Tito*, as well as some bravura variations written for her by the *Leider* composer, Heinrich Proch, stamped her as an artist of pretensions. Herr Jules Stockhausen affords, at all times, pleasure by his unaffected manner of rendering the German *Leider*. On the present occasion he sang Mendelssohn's *Lied*, "On song's bright pinions," and Schubert's *Lied*, "I heard a streamlet gushing." Miss Bassano's charming contralto was heard with considerable effect in Handel's, "Lascia ch'io in pianga;" and again, in a quartett by Biletta. Herr Mengis obtained also his share of applause. His voice has gained in softness. Mr. Augustus Braham, a son of the veteran, who made his *début* in London, created a highly favourable impression in the cavatina, "Tutto sciolto," from *Sonnambula*, and a Scotch ballad, both beautifully sung. His voice is a pure tenor of power and undeniable sweetness, which a little practice will bring to perfection. Mr. Augustus Braham was loudly applauded. Ernst was as great as ever, and as perfect as ever, enchanting everybody by the inimitable performance of his *Otello* fantasia, and his popular and never-tiring *Carnaval de Venise*. Signor Bottesini, whose return from the Havana has been long anticipated, received a hearty greeting on his appearance. Whoever heard him perform on his huge instrument can never forget the wonders of his achievements. Bottesini is the king of contra-bassists. The bass in his hands seems often to assume the character of the violoncello. Signor Bottesini created a perfect storm of applause, and certainly such an extraordinary performance was never heard before. Madame Parish Alvars' Harp fantasia afforded general gratification. Miss Catherine Hayes had a very efficient orchestra to accompany the vocal pieces, and to perform the overtures to *Oberon* and *Zampa*. Some curiosity was created by the announcement of a M.S. overture by M. Silas. Although no work of genius, having been written some five or six years ago, when M. Silas was a mere boy, it gives indication of much talent, and the orchestration is exceedingly clever. Miss Catherine Hayes's concert proved one of the most interesting and attractive of the season. Mr. Lavenu conducted carefully, and Mr. Willis lead the band with his usual ability.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performances of *Elijah* of the 2nd and 17th, and likewise the *Messiah* last evening, have attracted the most numerous audiences of the season. Many hundreds of applicants for tickets were disappointed on each of these occasions.

With the view to prevent the numerous visitors from the country being unable to witness the performances of the Society, the Committee have issued a notice recommending such parties, to apply previously by letter to the Society's Office, remitting a Post Office Order for the requisite Tickets, which will then be forwarded by Post.

THE "DISTIN FAMILY," have returned to town for the season.

MR. RICARDO LINTER (the Pianist,) performed several new *morceaux*, at Mrs. Pinney's *Soirée Musicale*, on Wednesday evening, Nearly 200 of the nobility and gentry were present.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.—This eminent composer and critic has arrived in London, probably with the object of writing a series of letters on the Great Exhibition in the *Journal des Debats*. M. Berlioz's attention will be naturally occupied with the department of musical instruments. M. Hector Berlioz has been appointed one of the jury in the appointment of prizes.

M. ADOLPHE SAX.—The famous inventor of the splendid family of wind instruments which bear his name, and which are familiarly styled "Sax-horns," although they are "Sax-everythings," has quitted London, but will return in a few days, to put his instruments in order in the Crystal Palace, where he will be a most extensive exhibitor.

M. HERMANN, the well known violinist, is in London.

HERR OBERTHUR'S EVENING CONCERT.—On Tuesday, the 20th, a crowded and fashionable audience gave a gratifying evidence of the favour that Herr Oberthur enjoys as a composer and executant on his instrument, the harp. The Duchess of Nassau has lately conferred upon him the title of Harpiat to Her Royal Highness, an honor in which the success of an opera of his composition, lately performed at the theatre of Frankfurt and Wiesbaden, had their due share of influence. Herr Oberthur played the following solos of his own composition:—"La belle Emeline" (impromptu), "La Cascade" (*Etude caractéristique*), "Soldier's delight" (*Morceau caractéristique*), "Souvenir de Boulogne" (*Nocturne*), and a Fantasia on Flotow's *Martha*, introducing "The last rose of summer," which is not Flotow's. In these pieces, all composed by himself, Herr Oberthur proved himself a master of his instrument, and was greatly applauded. Herr Pauer, the pianist from Vienna, who appeared with such success at the Musical Union, played Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso* in masterly style; graceful in the *cantabile*, and vigorous in *bravura* passages, Herr Pauer produces a real and decidedly legitimate effect. His standing in the Austrian capital, as a first-rate pianist, has been fully maintained by his performances in London. The young violinist, Alexandre Rancheraye, has made evident progress since we heard him last. His execution of Prume's "*Melancholie*" and Ernst's *Carnaval de Venise*, obtained him much and well merited applause from the audience. He uses the bow with the left hand. The other instrumentalist was Herr Menter, from Munich, whose admirable performances on the violoncello we have already had occasion to notice. In a fantasia on Schubert's Serenade ("Cooling Zephyrs"), and Rossini's *Tarantella*, he produced the greatest effect. The vocal department was filled by Mdle. Rummell, Herr Menghis, and Mdle. Bertha Johansen. The two former sang a duet, by Nicolai, very effectively. In Henion's romance, "La Manola," Mdle. Rummell displayed great *naïveté*, and in Oberthur's MS. *Canzonetta*, "L'aspettazione," a neat and facile execution; she was applauded as she deserved. Herr Menghis was heard to the best advantage in Oberthur's "See the mariner returning," a song well calculated for his voice and manner of singing. Last, not least, Mdle. Johansen in a Gondolier song, by Schmezer, and in Kücken's *Volkslied*, "Friendly is thine air, Rosalie," took the audience quite by surprise, and received a unanimous "encore." Her energy and manner are quite charming, and we see nothing to prevent Mdle. Johansen from becoming a general favourite with the public. The concert gave general satisfaction.

THE MUSICAL UNION.—The second extra matinée presented an interesting assemblage of aristocracy of birth and talent. The programme included Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor, played to perfection; the scherzo was encored rapturously and each movement of this *chef d'œuvre* applauded with enthusiasm. The execution, so faultless and equal scarcely demands individual praise. Sivori, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti, realizing all that the most fastidious critic could desire. Beethoven's Trio in C minor, by Golinelli, an Italian pianist and professor from Bologna, accompanied by Sivori and Piatti, was an able performance. In a solo fantasia, Signor Golinelli did not raise himself in our estimation. The brilliant execution of the first movement of Mayseder's quintet in E flat, by Sivori and Piatti, &c., elicited a roaring accompaniment of *bravos* from the auditors. Signor Bottesini in a well written solo, excellently accompanied by Herr Eckert, terminated this matinée with the same success that attended his performance on the day previous, at the concert of Miss Catherine Hayes. In phrasing *Cantabile*, and complicated passages in *alt*, delivered with all the delicacy and finish of the most refined violoncellist, Signor Bottesini is the most marvellous performer on his instrument we ever heard. The audience was excited to a pitch of enthusiasm by his performance, that fully justified all the encomiums of foreign journalists. The instrumental part of the entertainment was agreeably varied by songs of Schubert and Taubert (of Berlin), sung by Mdle. Johansen from Denmark, a lady, who, possessing a pure *soprano* voice, sings with spirit and good taste.

ON THE DICHORD AND OBELISKS OF EGYPT.—There are no memorials of human art and industry, at present existing of equal antiquity with the obelisks that have been brought from Egypt;

two of them in particular are thought to be of the greatest antiquity; these the Emperor Augustus caused to be brought to Rome from Egypt, and they are supposed to be erected at Heliopolis, by Sesostris, near four hundred years before the Trojan War. On the largest of these is represented a musical instrument, with two strings and a long neck to it, and shaped like a guitar; by means of its long neck, though possessing only two strings, it was capable of producing a great number of notes—for instance, if these two strings were tuned fourths to each other, they would furnish that series of sounds called by the ancients Heptachord, which consisted of a conjunct Tetrachord, as B, C, D, E.—E, F, G, A; and if tuned in fifths, an octave, or two disjunct Tetrachords, would be produced; an advantage which none of the Grecian instruments seem to have been possessed of for ages after this column was erected. This instrument is not only a proof that music was cultivated by the Egyptians in the most remote antiquity, but that they had discovered the means of extending their scale, and multiplying the sounds of a few strings, by the most simple and commodious expedients. Proclus tells us, "that the Egyptians recorded all singular events and new inventions upon columns, or stone pillars." Now, if this be true, as the *galgia* or great obelisk, is said to have been first erected at Heliopolis, in the time of Sesostris, it will, in some measure, fix the period when this dichord, or two-stringed instrument, was invented. Sir Isaac Newton supposes the elder Bacehus, Osiris, Sesac, and Sesostris, to be one and the same person; the Bishop of Gloucester, on the contrary, denies their identity, especially that of Osiris and Sesostris, whom he makes totally different persons, and to have flourished at very different periods. To Osiris he gives the character of legislator, inventor of arts, and civilizer of a rude and barbarous people; and to Sesostris that of a conqueror, who carried those arts and that civilization into remote countries; and Osiris, whom Sir Isaac Newton places but 956 years before Christ, the Bishop makes cotemporary with Moses, and 700 years higher than Sesac or Sesostris, the cotemporaries of Solomon and Jeroboam. The first opinion is the most probable. There were two Hermes; one Trismegistus (*i.e.* thrice illustrious), already mentioned; the other, as appears from a passage in Cedrenus, was no other than the patriarch Joseph. Admitting the identity of Noah with Osiris, the tradition that music was invented by Hermes or Mercury, may well be accounted for. As already observed, Noah was doubtless versed in all the antediluvian arts and sciences, and would of course communicate a knowledge of them to his family and dependants.—(*Tomlinson's Lectures on Ancient Music.*)

M. SELIGMANN, the violoncellist, has arrived from Paris.

JENNY LIND PELTED.—At Jenny Lind's concert at Pittsburgh, on the 20th ult., 9000 dollars were received. Some mischievous boys threw stones in at the windows of Jenny Lind's carriage, and afterwards into her dressing room. Her feelings were so deeply wounded by this indecent insult that she refused to sing the next night, and left for Baltimore.

MR. AGUILAR.—This gentleman's concert, which takes place on Wednesday evening next, merits attention from the fact, not only that he has engaged some of our best English and German singers, but that he will have an orchestra (too great a rarity at benefit concerts) composed of the *élite* of the Philharmonic and Opera bands. Mr. Aguilar purposes introducing a symphony in E minor, besides some descriptive vocal pieces of his own composition. The symphony, we understand, has been frequently performed in Germany with much success.

Madame Fiorentini and Signor Calzolari were the vocalists at the fourth concert of the Philharmonic Society, which took place at their Hall, on Tuesday evening week. Madame Fiorentini possesses rare natural advantages for succeeding in the profession she has chosen, for she is young, handsome, and of a good figure. Her voice is a soprano, of great sweetness, purity, and extensive compass. She sings with taste and truthful intonation, and overcomes difficulties with ease. She was encored in a Spanish song and two duets with Calzolari, scarcely sufficient to enable her to develop her powers. Signor Calzolari is a very tasteful singer: he cannot fail to please. His style is correct. Herr Lidel displayed much talent in a fantasia on the violoncello, and Mrs. Beale was deservedly applauded for her pianoforte performance in Hummel's

Septuor. The choir sang a madrigal of Wilbye's, the "Ratapan" chorus from the *Huguenots*, and Weber's "Lutzow's Wild Hunt." The two first were coldly received, but the latter, which was sung with spirit and precision, met with a well-merited encore.

On Tuesday evening week the Festival Choral Society gave their fifty-first public performance at the Music Hall, before a numerous audience, when Handel's oratorio, *Joshua*, was performed. The principal vocalists were Mrs. G. Holden, Miss Whitnall, Mr. Ryalls, and Mr. Armstrong. Miss Whitnall made her debut at this society, and gave general satisfaction. The chorus singers deserve honourable mention for their exertions, and were rewarded with encores to the following choruses, viz., "May all the Host," "Hail, mighty Joshua," and "See, the Conquering Hero comes." Mr. John Richardson presided at the organ, Mr. C. Herrman led, and Mr. G. Holden acted as conductor. The oratorio of *Isaiah*, by Jackson, of Masham, is to be put into immediate rehearsal for the society's next public performance.—*Liverpool Mail*.

MIDDLE. ANICHINI.—In stating that the concert of this charming vocalist was to take place yesterday, we made an error of a week. It is for next Friday, the 30th, that Mlle. Anichini convoked her friends and admirers to Granard Lodge, Roehampton.

MADAME PUZZI.—The annual concert of this accomplished professor of the vocal art, is announced to take place on Monday afternoon, in the great music-room of Her Majesty's Theatre. The attractions are multiple and various, Sontag, Cruvelli, Fiorentini, Duprez, and all the stars of Mr. Lumley's company, Sig. Puzzi himself upon the horn, Sivori upon the fiddle, Piatti on the fiddlecello, &c., &c., &c.—not to speak of an *Inno delle Nazioni*, composed by Balfe, to be sung by nine *prime donne*, each of whom is to represent the country in which she was not born. Balfe has stolen this idea from our triple cast of *Don Giovanni*.

Advertisements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Week's Performances will include the talents of
Mesdames SONTAG, CAROLINE DUPREZ, FIORENTINI, GIULIANI,
IDA BERTRAND, and SOPHIE CRUVELLI;
Madlle. MONTI.
Signori GARDONI, CALZOLARI, PARDINI, and SIMS REEVES;
Signori LABLACHE, MASSOL, CAZANOVA, SCAPINI, LORENZO,
FERRANTI, and COLETTI;
Miles. CARLOTTA GRISI, AMALIA FERRARIS,
Miles. Rosa, Erper, Julien, Lamoureux, Allegri, Kolenberg, Aussenden, Pascales,
Dantoinie, Soto;
MM. Charles, Ehrick, Gosselin, and Paul Tagliani.

Tuesday, May 27.—*IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA*, and *LES METAMORPHOSES*.
Wednesday, May 28.—*FIDELIO*, Two Acts of MASANIELLO, and *LES COSMO-
POLITES*.

Thursday, May 29.—*IL DON GIOVANNI*, and *L'ILE DES AMOURS*.

Friday, May 30.—*LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO*; *DIVERTISSEMENT*;
Scene from *I DUE FOSCARI*; Selection from *L'ELISIR D'AMORE*;
and a favourite *BALLET*.

M. THALBERG.

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will be given at the
GREAT CONCERT ROOM, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on MONDAY
MORNING, JULY 16th, at which this eminent Pianist will perform.

MR. W. H. HOLMES'S NEW OPERA.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, WEDNESDAY MORNING,
NEXT, MAY, 28, at 2. Performers—Mrs. Sims Reeves, Misses Dolby,
Messent, Ransford, Eyles, Land; Messrs. Land and Frank Bodda. Full Orchestra
and Chorus. Conductor, Mr. Lucas. Solo, Mr. J. Balfe Chatterton (Harpist to the
Queen). Overture, Macfarren. Tickets, 7s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. To be had
of W. H. Holmes, 35, Beaumont-street, Marylebone, and at all Music Warehouses.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES

MILLE. JENNY LIND.

THE ONLY English Ballads sung by the above distinguished
vocalists are, "Take this lute," by Benedict; "Oh, summer morn" by Meyer-
beer; and the "Lonely Rose," by Balfe, sung by Mlle. Lind. "Those happy days
are gone," by Laveny; "Why do I weep for thee," by Wallace; "O sing to me,"
by Osborne; and "My last thoughts of thee," by Maynard, sung by Miss Hayes.

Cramer, Beale, and Co., 204, Regent Street.

MUSICAL UNION.

FOURTH MATINEE, TUESDAY, MAY 27, Willis's Rooms.

Quartet, Onslow: Pianoforte Quartet, No. 2, Mendelssohn; Quartet No. 2,
in F, Beethoven; Fantasia, Violoncello, Solo. Esquants—Sainton, Delloffs, Hill,
Herr Menter, violoncellist (from the Court of Munich), and Herr Paner, pianist, (from
Vienna). Strangers' tickets to be had at Cramer and Co.'s, Regent-street, 104, 6d.
No artist admitted without a ticket, owing to the increased number of members.
J. ELLA, Director.

BEETHOVEN QUARTETT SOCIETY.

SIGNOR CAMILLO SIVORI and MR. SAINTON, will
play conjointly with Messrs. Hill and Rousselot at the fifth evening performance
on Wednesday, May 28th, to commence at a quarter past eight o'clock, at No. 27, Queen-
Anne-street. Quartets—Beethoven, first period, No. 3 in D, No. 4 in C minor, third
period, No. 7. Grand Quintet in C, No. 2, Beethoven. Tickets at Messrs. Rousselot
& Co., 66, Conduit-st., Regent-st.

DISTIN'S CONCERTS.

MR. DISTIN and his SONS perform on the Sax Horns this
Evening, Saturday, May 24th, at Liverpool. Vocalist—Miss Moriat O'Connor.
Pianist—Mr. R. A. Brown. Messrs. Distin return to London on Monday, the 26th.
All letters to be addressed to H. Distin, Sax Horn Manufactory, 31, Cranbourn-
street, Leicester-square.

MR. L. VERDAVAINNE

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that in
consequence of M. de Besnier retiring, the THIRD AND LAST CONCERT
of Modern Music will take place under his sole management, at the BEETHOVEN
ROOMS, 27, Queen Anne-street, JUNE 6th. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea, may be had
of Mons. Verdavainne, 57, George-street, Portman-square.

NEW MUSIC.

THE WORLD IS A FAIRY KING, Ballad written by Eliza
Cook, composed by Joseph Philip Knight; composer of *Beautiful Venice*,
Gather ye Rosebuds, Ocean Dreams, Song of Early Days, Come away, Cavatina,
The Happy day, The Old and New Year, Her cheek was Pale.
London: Z. T. Purday, 45, High Holborn.

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NEW MUSIC BY BRINLEY RICHARDS for the Piano.—
The Angel's Song, 5s.; The Vision, 2s.; The Storm March; Galop, Poor
Mary Anne, The Ash Grove, the Rising of the Lark, each 3s.

THE GREAT GLOBE QUADRILLES, by STEPHEN

GLOVER, Piano, 2s.; Duets, 4s. Also, by the same distinguished author,
Mamma's Quadrille, Papa's ditto, Solos, each 3s.; Duets, each 4s.; Mamma's Galop,
2s.; Papa's P. lka, 2s.; Osborne Quadrille, 3s.; Duets, 4s.; the Six Palace Band
Marches, each 2s.; Royal Hyde Park March, 3s.; Home March, 3s.; Alpine March,
2s. 6d.; Prince Arthur's March, 3s.; and Fantasia on Airs of all Nations, 4s.

HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS for the PIANO.

HORTE, large music folio.—An educational work, which has now reached
its 22nd edition, requires no other praise than the simple record of the fact. This is
the case with the above, containing a manual of instructions to pupils, that they
may be easily understood by the youngest learner; and, besides exercises on the
scales, &c., a collection of 61 preludes and favourite airs, 68 exercises, 12 changes,
and 4 favourite vocal songs, with pianoforte accompaniments; easy and pleasing
airs, arranged with great care, and fingered by so eminent a professor as Mr. Czerny.
Its extremely low price—only 4s.—is also an important recommendation.—*Wide
Weekly Chronicle*.

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Majesty the Queen.

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THALBERG	...	Irish Airs.
SCHULZ	...	Melodie.
FRAEGER	...	Liebes Verlangen.
FRAEGER	...	Moment Joyeux.
RICHARDS	...	Moonlight Serenade.
RICHARDS	...	Pastorale.
ROCHEL	...	Danish Air.
BRESSEN	...	Clotilde.
KUHE	...	L'Arabesque.
OUY	...	Styriennes.
OUY	...	Les Fleurs du Printemps.
MORI	...	Un Souvenir.
	...	Romance sans Paroles.
	...	Pensees Pendant l'Absence.

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NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATION.

MOZART'S COMIC TRIO (the Ribbon) for Soprano, Tenor,
and Bass, as sung at the Beethoven Quartet Society, with the greatest success
(see Times notice of these Concerts on the 10th inst.). Rousselot's Musical
Star and J. Hertz's Redowa Brillante, at Messrs. Rousselot & Co., 66, Conduit-
street, Regent-street.

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 Beyer, Ferd. Op. 101bis, One hundred Melodies for Beginners, in 4 books.
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THE AMATEUR ORGANIST—a collection of soft and full Voluntaries, arranged in six Books, 3s. each, by EDWARD TRAVIS.
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THE AMATEUR FLUTIST—a selection of favorite Airs from the Standard Foreign Operas, arranged in sets, price 1s. each, by HENRY NICHOLSON, with an Accompaniment *ad lib.* for the Violin, Violoncello, and Pianoforte.
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CHAULIEU'S PIANOFORTE WORKS.

MESSRS. RÜST and STAHL, being the Sole Proprietors of the Posthumous Works of M. Chaulieu, beg to intimate their intention of publishing them as originally intended by the author—viz., in parts at 5s. each, and which will include the *Harmonial Dial*, twenty-four sonatas in the twenty-four major and minor keys; having before each one exercise, one prelude, and two improvisations in the same key, specially written for the English schools, six parts of which are already published. And also six other parts, comprising two Books of Studies in the modern style, Morceaux de Salon, Album de Bal, &c., 5s. each, or the twelve parts in one volume, boards, at 52s.
 Rüst and Stahl, Pianoforte Manufacturers and Music Publishers, 320, Regent-street, opposite the Royal Polytechnic Institution.

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MR. CRIVELLI

BEGS to acquaint his friends and the public that a Third Edition of the "ART OF SINGING," enlarged and newly arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his residence, 71, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal Music-sellers.
 * Soon will be ready, the French and German Translation.

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FOR two Violins, Viola and Violoncello. Performed for the first time at the Chamber Concerts, Crosby Hall. Composed and dedicated to his friend, J. H. B. Dando, by ALFRED MELLON. Published by W. Blandford, 71, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, Price 10s.

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WESSEL and CO.'S complete Edition (with English words) of this celebrated Opera, now performing at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, may be procured by order at all the Music Libraries.
 The Grand Scena, "O monster,"—Sung by Madlle. Crivelli, 3s. 6d.
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WANTED, for the Parish Church of Liverpool, an efficient Bass Singer. Salary, £30. Applications, stating age and qualifications, may be addressed to C. Danvers Hackett, Mus. Bac., Oxon., Fairfield, Liverpool.

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FOR Improving the Voice, and removing all Affections of the Throat. Strongly recommended to Clergymen, Singers, Actors, Public Speakers, persons subject to relaxed Throats, and to all persons desirous of cultivating their Voices, and ensuring a good and clear articulation. They have also been found highly beneficial to those afflicted with Nervous, Hysterical, or Stomachic Coughs.
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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Cure of a disordered Liver and Stomach, when in a most hopeless state.—Extract of a letter from Mr. Matthew Harvey, of Chapel Hall, Airdrie, Scotland, dated the 15th of January, 1850.—To Professor HOLLOWAY, Sir,—Your valuable Pills have been the means, with God's blessing, of restoring me to perfect health, at a time when I thought I was on the brink of the grave. I had consulted several eminent Doctors, who, after doing what they could for me, considered my case hopeless. I had been suffering from a Liver and Stomach complaint of long standing, which during the last two years got so much worse, that every one considered my condition as hopeless. At last, however, I got a Box of your Pills, which soon gave relief, and by persevering in their use for some weeks, together with rubbing night and morning your Ointment over my chest and stomach, and right side, I have by their means alone got completely cured, and to the astonishment of myself and everybody who knows me.

(Signed) MATTHEW HARVEY.
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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

DON GIOVANNI.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

IT is respectfully announced that a Grand Extra Night will take place on **THURSDAY NEXT, MAY 29, 1851**, when will be presented, Mozart's chef d'œuvre, entitled

DON GIOVANNI,

With the following powerful cast—

Don Giovanni,	Signor COLETTI.
Don Ottavio,	Signor CALZOLARI.
Masetto,	Signor F. LABLACHE.
Il Commendatore,	Signor SCAPINI.
Leporello,	Signor LABLACHE.
Donna Anna,	Mde. FIORENTINI.
Donna Elvira,	Mde. GIULIANI.
And	
Zerlina,	Mde. SONTAG.

In the Ball Scene, Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi and Mdlle. Amalia Ferraris will dance Mozart's celebrated Minuet. With various entertainments in the Ballet Department, in which Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi, Mlles. Rosa, Esper, Julien, Lamoureux, Allegrini, Ausandon, Pascales, Kohlenberg, Dantoni, Soto, and Mdlle. Amalia Ferraris: M. Charles, MM. Ehrick, Di Mattia, Gourié, Vensira, and M. Paul Taglioni, will appear.

The Opera to commence at half-past Seven o'clock.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

SOIREES EXTRAORDINAIRES.

To accommodate the great influx of Visitors at this great Epoch, a series of

GRAND EXTRA NIGHTS,

In addition to the usual Subscription Nights, will be given for a short period; viz. on **MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, AND FRIDAYS,**

The First Soiree Extraordinaire of the Season will take place on **WEDNESDAY May 28, 1851**, when will be presented Beethoven's Opera,

FIDELIO,

Principal Characters by Mlle. CRUVELLI, Madame GIULIANI, Signori COLETTI, BALANCHI, MERCURIALI, CASANOVA, and Mr. SIMS REEVES.

To be preceded by the Second and Third Acts of

MASANIELLO,

Principal Parts by Mlle. MONTI, Signori PARDINI, MERCURIALI, LORENZO, and M. MASSOL.

The Ballet Entertainments will comprise the Talent of Mlle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Mlle. AMALIA FERRARIS, Mlles. Kohlenberg, Rosa, Esper, Julien, Lamoureux, Allegrini, Pascales, Madame PETIT STEPHAN, MM. Charles, Ehrick, Gosselen, and Paul Taglioni, &c.

The Second Soiree Extraordinaire will take place on Friday.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.**HERR ERNST,**

Begs to announce that his

GRAND EVENING CONCERT,

Will take place on

MONDAY, JUNE 2nd, 1851.

Principal Vocal Performers.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES.**MADLE. ANA ZERR.**

(Prima Donna of the Opera, Vienna.)

MADLE. GRAUMANN.**MISS BROWNE.****HERR REICHAUT.**

(De Vienne, Premier Tenor del' Opera Imperiale.)

MR. AUGUSTUS BRAHAM.**HERR MENGIS.**

AND

M. JULES STOCKHAUSEN.

VIOLIN.

Herr Ernst will perform Beethoven's Concerto, Papageno Rondo, and Caprice

in F-sharp.

PIANO-FORTE.

M. SILAS will perform the Andante and Allegro Vivace, from his Concerto

in C Minor.

VIOLONCELLO E CONTRA BASSO.

Signor PIATTI and Signor BOTTESINI will perform a duet.

The Orchestra will be selected from the Italian Operas and Philharmonic Concerts. Conductors, MR. LAVENU and MR. ECKERT. Leader, MR. WILLY. Commence at 8 o'clock. Reserved Seats 10s. 6d., Tickets 7s. To be had at Cramer, Beale and Co., 201 Regent Street.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

FIRST NIGHT OF FIDELIO.

THE DIRECTORS have the honour to announce that on **TUESDAY NEXT, MAY 27th, 1851**, will be performed for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera, Beethoven's celebrated Opera,

FIDELIO.

Both the Overtures composed by Beethoven for this chef d'œuvre will be performed, that entitled *Fidelio* previous to the Opera, and that of *Leonora* between the Acts.

Leonora,	Madame CASTELLAN.
Margherita,	Madlle. BERTRANDI.
Rocco,	Herr FORMES.
Pizarro,	Signor TAGLIAFICO.
Il Min'stro,	Signor POLONINI.
Fritz,	Signor STIGELLI.
Ferdinando,	Signor TAMBERLIK.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.—LES HUGUENOTS.

On **THURSDAY NEXT, May 29th**, will be performed, for the fifth time this season, Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

LES HUGUENOTS.

Principal characters by Madame Grisi, Madame Castellan, Madlle. Angri, Madlle. Cotti, Herr Formes, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Polonini, Signor Ferrari, Signor Rommi, Signor Mei, Signor Soldi, and Signor Mario.

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor,—MR. COSTA.

Commence at Eight o'clock.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre.

Donizetti's Opera, *LA FAVORITA* will be performed on Saturday next, May 31st.

MR. AGUILAR

RESPECTFULLY announces that his Annual Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday evening, May 28th, 1851. Vocalists—Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss Messent, Madlle. Graumann, Herr Stigelli, Signor Marchesi, and Herr Formes. Violin, Herr Ernst; Contrabasso, Signor Bottesini; Pianoforte, Mr. Aguilar. The Orchestra, selected from the Royal Italian Opera, will be complete in every department. Leader, Mr. Willy; Conductors, Messrs. Anschutz and Schimon. Among other pieces, will be performed for the first time in England, Mr. Aguilar's Symphony in E minor.

Tickets seven shillings each, Reserved Seats, half a guinea. To be procured at Messrs. Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent Street; Messrs. Wessel and Co., 229, Regent Street, corner of Hanover Street; and at the residence of Mr. Aguilar, No. 68, Upper Norton Street, Portland Road.

MISS ELLEN DAY AND MR. JOHN DAY

HAVE the honour to announce that they will give **THREE MATINEES MUSICALES** at **ST. QUEEN ANNE STREET**, Cavendish-square, on the Mornings of Wednesday, May 28th, Saturday, June 21st, and Wednesday, July 16th; when they will be assisted by Mdlle. Graumann, Lavinia, Laura Baxter, Henderson, Wagner, Kate Loder; MM. Hölzel, Jules Stockhausen, Marchesi, Mengis, Calcagno, Reichard, H. Hill, Rousselot, Hausmann, H. Chapp, Goffrie, Lerbini, Gerhard Taylor, Müller, Richardson, Williams, Waelzig, and Gollmick. To commence at 2 o'clock precisely. Tickets Seven Shillings. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea. To be had at the principal Music shops, and of Miss E. and Mr. J. Day, 37, Upper Belgrave-place, Eaton-square.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA.—**FRIDAY NEXT, May 30**, will be repeated Handel's Oratorio, *MESSIAH*. Vocalists—Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss M. Williams; Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 3s.; reserved, 5s.; central area, numbered seats, 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's office, 6, in Exeter-hall; or of Mr. Bowley, 33, Charing-cross.

To prevent the disappointments so frequently occurring to visitors from the Country, unable to procure Tickets on arrival in London, parties anxious to attend any of the Oratorio Performances of this Society, (which will take place on the Friday Evenings in May and June), are recommended to forward Post Office Orders to 6, Exeter Hall, payable to Robert Bowley, at Charing Cross Office, when the Tickets will be sent by next Post.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET begs to announce a **SERIES OF THREE MORNING CONCERTS** of **CLASSICAL PIANO-FORTE** and **VOCAL MUSIC**, on **MONDAYS**, June 2nd, 16th, and 30th, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Mme. Anna Thillon, Herr Stigelli, Herr Jules Stockhausen. Tickets, for a Single Concert, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Subscription Ticket for the Series to the Reserved Seats, One Guinea. To be had of Wessel and Co., 229, Regent-street, and at the principal Musicians.

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